

Return

David Rovics

2003

i can't help it.
i don't care how far you think the analogy extends itself.
when i see you making that bus driver climb up and down
on and off the roof of his bus
for your amusement
for hours in the hot sun
i think of how we once had to dance and sing for them
while they shot our parents.
when i see you keep that woman
and her husband
at the checkpoint
while she's in labor
and you stand there
listening to her scream
watching as she gives birth
on the back seat of a taxi
i think of the walls around our own ghetto
and how we had to crawl through the sewers
looking for rats to eat
while we could hear their children playing

on the other side.
when i see you crush that house
and kill that woman
and her baby
with your armored bulldozer
because they didn't have a permit
i think of the way we were once forced to leave our homes
at the point of a gun.
and when i hear your general say
that in order to deal with the intifada
you must learn from the tactics of another general
one mr. stroop
in warsaw
i think of how they bombed our buildings
shot us as we fell from the roofs.
and i remember
how we wished we could kill their babies, too.
and i feel sick.
sick of your displaced anger
sick of your self-deception
sick of your attempts to deceive the rest of the world
sick of your accusations of anti-semitism
sick of your occupation
sick of your apartheid state
sick of zionism.
because standing here
in auschwitz, birkenau and warsaw
i see jenin, jaffa and rafah.

and i think of our ancestors
the jewish palestinians
who spoke so eloquently
in their arabic language.
but the dead cannot speak.
and now i find myself again behind the wall of a ghetto
standing with millions of other palestinians.
and i find myself shouting
thawra! thawra! hatta al-naser!
tomorrow in jerusalem!
al-awda
return.



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